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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

## Cuban Liberty and American Honor.

John Sherman, ex-Secretary of State, says the United States will hold Cuba.

Not if the people of the United States—who value the national honor, if some more or less eminent statesmen do not—are to be consulted.

The word of this Republic is pledged, to the Cubans and to the world, that the island will not be annexed, but be given independence.

Those who advocate forcible retention of the island are conscienceless prophets who work for the fulfilment of their own foretellings. They strive to stir up strife in Cuba, to set one class against another, to inflame the anger of the patriots by offering them insults, and to secure the co-operation of resident Spaniards by large gifts of flattery.

**Honest, self-respecting Americans do not want Cuba at the price of a breach of faith that would shame us as a nation.**

Were the Cubans, depressed, harassed and discouraged by fear of our intentions, and seeing Spanish property owners making friends with the conquerors, despairingly to ask for annexation as the best way out of a hopeless situation—even then we ought not to take the island.

This Government must keep its word to the Cubans. Independence must precede annexation, if annexation is to come.

If in course of time the interest and inclination of the Cuban Republic should move it to ask for admission to our Union, in order to share our greater progress and larger destiny, there would be no real surrender of liberty in the change. It would mean not that we should govern the Cubans so much as that the Cubans would govern themselves under American law, and that in proportion to their population they would govern us.

But to deny the Cubans liberty now, when the Spanish tyrant has been expelled; to scheme for a vote in favor of annexation when Spanish residents are fearful and selfish wealth shrinks from taking any of the chances of freedom, is infamous. Under existing conditions annexation would be a crime—the repudiation of the declared high purpose which animated us in entering upon the war of liberation.

**INDEPENDENTLY ALTOGETHER OF WHAT IS DUE TO THE PATRIOTS OF CUBA, WE OWE IT TO OURSELVES TO BE TRUE TO OUR WORD.**

## IT WAS PRETTY HOT, BUT—

General Shafter does not approve of the climate of Cuba. "It's hot there," he exclaims, pathetically, "it's damned hot; it's hot every minute of every year."

It is undoubtedly hot in Cuba. The Government should have thought of that before sending a General there who weighed 310 pounds, who was afflicted with gout and had to lie in a hammock with an orderly rubbing his head with cracked ice while his men were fighting several miles away.

Cuba was undoubtedly too hot for General Shafter. It was so hot that it wilted his resolution and made him anxious to retreat from the positions won by the blood of his troops while he was at the rear. But it was not the heat that sent sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago to Montauk in uncleaned cattle ships, without medicines, surgical instruments, ice, fresh water, proper food or sufficient attendants, and dumped them down on the bare ground at Montauk a dozen miles from a can of milk.

It was General Shafter that did that.

## THE FALL OF THE MAHDISTS.

Sixteen years of unrestrained license have diminished the numbers and broken the power of the Dervishes in the Soudan, but have not sapped their courage. The remnants of the once numberless hosts of the Mahdi threw themselves on Kitchener's impregnable lines with the same superb contempt of death with which Kipling's original Fuzzy Wuzzies "bruk a British square." The empire of the Khalifa is extinct, but it has gone down with colors flying.

In the rise of the Mahdi's power, and its maintenance for sixteen years by himself and his successor, we have a replica of the origin of Mohammedanism. If the camel driver of Mecca had been obliged to confront a Christian world as well organized and formidable as that of the nineteenth century his religion would have perished in its infancy. If the Christian powers of modern Europe had been no stronger than the Roman Empire in the East and the semi-barbarous monarchies of the West in the seventh century, the banner of the Mahdi might have been carried to the Baltic, and the fugitive Abdullah might have been a new Caliph, ruling over a subject world.

## HOT IN CUBA, BUT HOTTER HERE.


"It's hot there; it's damned hot; it's hot every minute of every year."
—*General Shafter in an interview.*

## THOUGHTS FOR WORKERS.

We trust that workingmen generally took advantage of their leisure yesterday to read the thought-compelling messages from popular leaders on the labor question published in the Evening Journal. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor; ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois; Ernest H. Crosby, Leonora O'Reilly and other noted thinkers contributed ideas which will furnish material for reflection until next Labor Day.

"Let the laboring classes of America," said Mr. Altgeld, "only stand together for a few years; they can drive every tool of the corporations off the bench; they can put an end to that legislation which robs the American people to fatten the trusts; they can put an end to those conditions under which honest and industrious men become more helpless than slaves, and they can build an entirely new sky over the future of their children."

Is not that thought alone worth the loss of a day's wages?

## THE DAY OF THE WORKER.

When a huge ocean liner is pulsing across the Atlantic, carrying a cross section of the human race in its cavernous depths, it sometimes happens that the throbbing engines pause, and the ship rolls idly on the swell. Then a hush falls upon the chattering floating city, and in the solemn stillness the passengers begin to realize how much the steady vibration of the tireless steel muscle has meant to them.

The machinery of labor in the United States slowed down yesterday. It did not entirely stop, or paralysis would have seized the national life, but its strenuous activity ceased, and as men paced the quiet streets they began to understand how mighty was the force that for the moment was resting.

In the cities in which our population is concentrating there is nothing visible that is not the creation of labor. Every inch of the original soil is hidden under layers of pavements, pipes, subway vaults, foundations and floors, laid with infinite toil, patience and skill by human hands. Overhead, the buildings—monuments of tireless industry—tower to the sky, and elevated trains go clattering through the air. Even in the country there is little to be seen to which labor has not given form and value. Cultivated fields and meadows, vineyards and orchards, farm buildings, fences, roads, warehouses and railways, tell of the transforming hand of the worker.

Yesterday the men that created all these things had time to think. They had much to be thankful for, but much still to gain. As they looked at the tremendous results of labor they could not fail to reflect that the full reward of industry had not yet come to those that had earned it. They were planning how to hasten the time in which perfect justice should be the rule of society.

Every American worthy of the name must sympathize with those plans, for every such American is a laborer himself. The Republic is founded on labor, and upon the welfare of labor the future of the nation depends. May each year's September holiday be a milestone of progress for the toilers!

## THE GATHERING OF THE TRIBES.

The Journal on Sunday printed an exhaustive cable dispatch from Rabbi Stephen S. Wise recounting the doings of the Zionist Congress, which had been in session at Basle for more than a week for the purpose of formulating plans for the re-establishment of the Jewish people as a nation in Palestine. Rabbi Wise told how the Congress had authorized the organization of a bank with a preliminary capitalization of $10,000,000; how they had listened to satisfactory reports of progress from all the countries of the globe where Jews were settled; how Max Nordau had thrilled the Congress with his brilliant oration, in which he recounted the history of modern Jewish martyrdom throughout the civilized world, and then how, after completing its business, the Congress adjourned.

"But the most striking of all this inspiring, world-wide gathering," he wrote, "was the Sabbath morning service, where Jews from every quarter of the globe—Arabs, Egyptians, Greeks, Italians, Americans, Englishmen, French, Russians, Poles, Dutchmen, Belgians, Syrians, South Africans, Germans, Portuguese and other remnants of the scattered tribes stood together in the town synagogue and offered up once again the prayer of the Jewish prophets in the tongue of Jewish prophets for the rebuilding of the Zion of their fathers."

Can the imagination picture a more beautifully impressive spectacle? Who can contemplate with aught but reverential awe the steadfastness of these worshippers whose faith and purpose had descended to them in one unbroken chain, through ages of martyrdom, from an antiquity beside which the glory of Greece is as of yesterday?

Long, long before Homer sang or Cleopatra smiled the prophet Abraham and his tribe came out of Ur of the Chaldees to preach a new creed. Like a gleaming light this exodus shines through the mists of antiquity that hide the intervening centuries.

Men, religions, empires sprang up, flourished and crumbled away, and naught but their memory remains. The Pharaohs arose, and Babylonia and Assyria and Greece and Rome one by one unfolded and grew like wonderful flowers, dazzling in their glory. And they withered and died and the gray centuries rolled on.

Lost is Ur of the Chaldees and no man knows its ruins. Dust and ashes are the kings and empires that swayed that ancient world. Alone, amidst all the wreck of time, the prophet's creed remains. And to-day, in the midst of the world's hurly-burly, sordid, restless life, there rises to heaven, in the same language, to the same God, a prayer inspired by the same unsullied creed that uplifted its voice in the days of Abraham to the stars that twinkled brightly over the land of Canaan.

# DEPEW'S FIDDLER GUEST.

BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW should have induced Lord Herschell to bring his violoncello along with him to the ...er which he gave in honor of the ex-...l High Chancellor of England on Sun...

For Lord Herschell is famed as one ...he cleverest amateur players of this in...ment, and it is not every day that one ... the opportunity of seeing a former ...spant of the historic woolsack, his ...ast adorned by the ...r and broad red ...bon of the Grand ...oss of the Order of ...he Bath, scraping away with a bow on ...he strings of a violon...cello.

Lord Herschell is an ...ssentially self-made ...man, and in spite of ...is peerage can lay ...o claim to blue blood. ...For he is the son of a ...Polish Jew, who, having emigrated to London, was baptized by the bishop of that city and became a missionary among his former co-religionists.

His son, the present Lord Herschell, adopted the law for a profession, and ...r the first ten years of his legal career met with every kind of discouragement and disappointment. He became Lord High Chancellor in 1886, being ...first member of his race to hold the ... of "Keeper of the Queen's Conscience," as the Lord High Chancellor is ...ally styled. Of course, when the ...came into office Lord Herschell, as ...e Ruler, was compelled to abandon ...olsack, but as an ex-Lord High ...llor he is in receipt of a pension of ... a year for the remainder of his life.

...of only in the United States that ...noblemen invoke the assistance of ...onal marriage brokers in order to ...ich heiresses, but also in England ...Germany. Attention is called to this ... the institution in London of legal ...ngs against Prince Loewenstein, ...st season married in London Lady ...aville, daughter of the wealthy Earl ...Rexborough. It seems that the match ... brought about by a species of blue-...oded broker, who not only introduced ...e Prince into English society, but likewise negotiated the match. The Prince ...w declines to pay the stipulated commission, and an action has accordingly been ...mmenced. Of course, the matter could ...hushed up at once by the payment of ... amount demanded. But it seems that ... Earl is disinclined to do anything more ... his German son-in-law, on the ground that he has done far more already than the man is worth.

I had meant to discourse upon the failure of old "Peter the Great" Lorillard in his English racing venture, but what's the use?

"Peter the Great" never knows when he's beaten. He has tried English racing the third time now, and while he is the only American that ever won the blue ribbon of the English turf, the Epsom Derby, he has always lost money over there. He has had to give it up and come back to America. After staying here and selling snuff and tobacco, from which he accumulated a fortune, he has gone back there and spent it.

That is what he will do again if he lives long enough. When his purse is replenished from his snuff and tobacco factory he will have another go at the Britishers, and may he beat them!

He is a nervy old chap, and is as full of pluck as a bulldog. He is also as stubborn as a mule, and that's where the British get his money.

Per contra, Sydney Paget, a young Englishman, the brother of the son-in-law of William C. Whitney, has invaded the American turf, and is sweeping it of its prizes both in the racing field and the betting ring.

A very shrewd young man is Mr. Paget, and quite worthy of the judgment of that other shrewd man, William C. Whitney, in selecting him to manage the horses running under the Whitney colors.

The chronicle of the day would not be complete if I did not tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith have gone to Newport for the horse show; that the Cornelius Vanderbilts will give two dinners at The Breakers this week; that the Elkins-Dulles combination is in evidence again at Stonacre; that "Lissie" Stewart has tired of entertaining "buds" by the wholesale, and is going off to Canada to catch fishes; and that Rough Rider Joe Stevens is recovering so rapidly at Newport from the effects of the Santiago campaign that he has become the hero of the town.

Possibly it is on account of this that "Lissie" has gone a-fishing to Canada.

# ALAN DALE SEES John Philip Sousa's Latest Musical Play, "THE CHARLATAN."

The time has gone by when any self-respecting, truth-loving critic can hurl the convenient title of "buffoon" at the elongated form of De Wolf Hopper. Mr. Hopper is still extremely longitudinal, and he has lost none of the individual characteristics that he wore in the days when he used to tumble over the stage. But he is getting to be so "legitimate" that upon my word one of these days I shouldn't be in the least surprised to hear that Maurice Grau had engaged him for Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House.

Perhaps it is due to the benign influence of Charles Klein and John Philip Sousa. These gentlemen angled for the buffoonery of Mr. Hopper in "El Capitan," caught it, and dished him up without it. In "The Charlatan," produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre last night, Messrs. Klein and Sousa have been even more "legitimate" and severe upon the comedian. They have written for him a genuine comic opera of the style of the "palmy days," and pitched him into a part such as I have never seen him play before—a part full of technical merit, utterly devoid of vulgarity, but sparsely filled with the usual Hopper jargon, and rather inclined to play itself than to let Hopper play it.

"The Charlatan" is a comic opera of distinct merit, and as I've been the howler at Hopper's buffoonery for a good many years, I'm going to emphasize the fact that it has evaporated—vanished into atmosphere. You can now look upon De Wolf as a tall and rather rigid gentleman, with a slight swelling to grand opera attitudes, and even a mild hankering for vocal fireworks. That this sort of work seemed strange I am bound to confess, but that it is pleasant for a change nobody will deny. Still, the role of Demidoff might have been made a trifle funnier without any sacrifice to Hopper's dignity. There is a happy medium between severity and buffoonery which, although it is hard to hit, may in time be found. Under the circumstances, however, it is better to err on the side of severity, because this particular comedian—unlike Francis Wilson—can really sing in addition to being able to act.

"The Charlatan" is chiefly interesting for its music, which is full of ginger and entrain. The music began rather simply, with melodies which resembled "A Child's Guide to the Piano." But it woke up, and —v'lan! biff!—before we knew it we were revelling in Sousaism, affable waltzes, two-step affairs that made you yearn to get up and trip it lightly—and jolly, rollicking ensembles. Sousa is always interesting. To commonplace people he is "catchy." To those who are not commonplace he has a twist that stamps him with the luminous brand of originality. In "The Charlatan" he makes one or two efforts to be merely pretty that are not quite acceptable.

Sousa is the comedian of music, and when he tries to be merely pretty he reminds you of Nat Goodwin attempting to be "emotional," or Annie Russell starting out to be "strong." He has an individuality of his own, and although for the sake of comic opera he is anxious to be as versatile as possible, he is never quite happy unless he is Sousa.

The delightful finale of the second act, the "Seventh Son of the Seventh Son" song, and one or two other musical incidents held you in complete admiration of this peculiar person, and you felt that "The Charlatan" had a great many of the charms of "El Capitan" and "The Bride Elect." I am one of Sousa's blindest admirers. His name alone is sufficient to capture my attention. His work in "The Charlatan" was no disappointment, and those who miss hearing these humorous strains can blame themselves for their omission.

In "The Charlatan" Sousa was not his own librettist. He gave the "job" to somebody else, which was kind and ungreedy, for in these days bread and butter is not to be had for the asking, and Sousa has no right to monopoly. Charles Klein was the man lucky enough to be trained in Sousa.

Mr. Klein's story is a simple one—that is to say, simple as far as comic opera stories go. Comic opera stories, with their disguised princesses, and their masquerading princes, their tra-la-laing maidens, their comic duennas, and their irrepressible old men, generally need keys to unlock their mysteries. No such key is needed for "The Charlatan." The central figure was simply a necromancer of rather abject principles, who lent his lovely daughter to the base designs of a schemer, and permitted her to pose as a princess and marry a gentleman who was to be disinherited if he wedded a pauper. The old schemer was the uncle who came into all the money if Boris married a pauper. Hence the "complications," which were disentangled at the end of the third act to the complete satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. Klein has written some lyrics which seemed to be extremely clever. It is not always easy to dislodge the lyrics of a comic opera from the evil enunciation that is in vogue to-day. A keen effort to do so, however—an effort that was going in this hot weather—revealed Mr. Klein's worthiness and set him right before the world.

Hopper worked hard. For at least two acts he scarcely speared a laugh. In fact, the only laughter that arose prior to the second finale was due to the absurdly ludicrous disguise of little Alfred Klein, who, robed in satin, appeared as a lady-in-waiting. But Hopper sang well and acted well. It is easy for him to dominate his scenes—physically, at any rate—and although he wasn't funny, the audience realized that he was a "star" comedian, whose stellar claims were based on no feeble pretences. In a long velvet coat, trimmed with fur, and a "storm collar" (a storm collar, ye gods!) he was at first pathetic, with the thermometer up in the nineties, and an audience wilted and fatigued. But, fortunately, the velvet garbs were soon discarded, and the comedian was re-established.

Edmund Stanley, the tenor, was assigned the usual quantum of pretty songs with "love" in them. Whenever you see Mr. Stanley you get a fit of the pretties, and you know that you are in for tripping lady-love ditties that will surely be encored. However, there are always sentimental people in an audience who like that sort of thing. Those people got it last night. Mr. Stanley's methods never vary. I really don't see why composers bother about doing anything new for him. All that is necessary is to let him loose.

Little Klein was very funny in his feminine garbs, and in his favor be it said that he exaggerated nothing and never for an instant stooped to vulgarity—and a man in woman's clothes doesn't have to stoop far to find that commodity. George W. Barnum made a hit in a small part, and Mark Price appeared as the scheming uncle.

Miss Alice Judson, who looks like an understudy—a very bad one—for the late—that is to say, the recent Edna Wallace—squeaked through a "cute" part uncutely, and looked nicer than she was. Miss Nella Bergen was the prima donna of the occasion, and, bless your soul, mes amis, she knew it. Miss Bergen is a swollen but handsome person. She went in vociferously for fireworks, and had one very elaborate song with "Ho! Ho's!" in it, that betrayed her inclination for pyrotechnics. The other members of the cast were figureheads, and the chorus was not lovely. Evidently De Wolf Hopper had nothing to do with their selection.

"The Charlatan" had a very brilliant mise-en-scene, and the ladies were clad regardless of expense. Some red, white and blue effects in the second act were particularly charming.

Hopper can at any rate flatter himself that he has arisen from the slough of kick-and-knock-me-down opera. He may find it hard work to convince some of his ravenous admirers that he is the identical Hopper of "Wang" days. But he is the very same person, improved and up to date.

ALAN DALE.

### KNEW HER MALADY.

Walker (thoughtfully)—The doctor said I was to give you iron as a tonic, but I've forgotten just how he said to give it to you.

Mrs. Walker (promptly)—Are you sure it wasn't in the shape of a wheel?—Truth.

# BRIGHT EYES FROM LONDON.

BY WALT M'DOUGALL.

THREE new girls in town! A bunch of English beauties, consigned to Charles Frohman, were smuggled into the city at dawn on Friday; a Rose, a Lily and a Violet, and a hot-house temperature accompanied the transplanting.

Miss Lane Uses Her Eyes.

They were concealed in a secluded, almost inaccessible room in the Empire Theatre, for they shrank from publicity and dreaded, with a chill fear that lowered the temperature 10 degrees, the prowling reporter, whom they had been warned would attack them during the day and get their pasts, their ages and their weights wrong in all the papers.

They were Miss Agnes Lane (the red, red Rose), Miss Sibyl Carlisle (the Lily), and Miss Jessie Bateman (the modest, shrinking Violet), all deliciously English in manners, voice and attire, and very averse to being written about.

They had not come prepared for a hot wave at all. They all wore nice, thick wool garments, and the weather made a hit with them. Each wore a hat that was a marvel of size and material. Miss Bateman, a slim, shy blonde, of the extremely English type, pretty and spirituelle, also wore a cool, almost frappe air that impressed and confused me until I observed that she was directly in the draught of an electric fan.

The others were warmer and limper, but not haughty or affected. Miss Carlisle, who has been here before and knows that Niagara Falls are not in Central Park, had the advantage in being somewhat immune, but Miss Lane, whose smile will soon become famous and be a "Htho" feature before the snow flies, seemed to regret at times that she had left home.

They seemed to greet with some enthusiasm the assurance that the present cordial relations toward England would redound to their advantage, and Miss Bateman resolved to make an entrance with the two flags at the first opportunity. Miss Lane inadvertently revealed a five-dollar bill and admitted that she had not yet learned its use. She will meet several in the business who can instruct her.

They also reserved their opinions on theatrical matters. Even in admitting they were going to appear in "A Pair of Plump Partridges," they showed a shyness equalled only by that accompaniment of the cold bottle, and when I had attended them to view the Naval Reserve parade, Miss Lane expressed the only decided opinion she had allowed to escape. She remarked the lack of intense enthusiasm among the crowds that lined the sidewalks, and said that "in her country the people, on a similar occasion would have gone wild." With the deafening yells of the crowd ringing in my ears, I gasped and looked at her in amazement.

"Come," I said, "let's get some ice water."